

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

March 1, 1949

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Aluminum is used



Aluminum is used



Aluminum is used



Aluminum is used



Maybe this is part of the house you didn't get on radio today and the rest of it customers going on a little show at the House of...

Houses, Houses, Where Are the Houses?

By BLAIR FRASER

Illustrated by J. H. H.

THE greatest Canadian building boom of all time is the housing shortage has been getting worse instead of better.

At present, 18,000 families are still in "emergency shelter" in crowded, dingy, damp public buildings, a few old houses dropped into little apartments. There are no more enough that most are ugly, crowded, horrible, and some are in poor condition.

"It's not exactly movement," a young veteran out of the army but who has a family to feed.

"We have no business in this city now, we are getting out of our house. But we have a few more with us down, and sometimes family moves the hell in means just like that. We have families come to live here. But the money is tight."

A year or so ago the Government's Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation funded 417 apartments in Ottawa for rental in relation. They are still applications. Of these 1,000 apartments were being made available to the public—houses of three, four and five rooms and single rooms at different times in the winter in winter cottages.

Eight hundred of them are still in this kind of situation.

Last December an Ottawa family moved into a new house and advertised the old one for rent. They got 40 phone calls between 1 and 11 that evening, and the lady had started making up a list of next morning. Other applicants showed the address from the phone number given in the advertisement and arrived by bus to find in place.

There always were girls. One young lady was trying to make her baby in an apt. A family of three was killed in three different rooms.

At least a million Canadians are living under some kind of housing pressure today, and the country has been spending over \$100,000,000. Many people are "disabled" by housing losses.

with other families than near before. In 1949 Canada had 200,000 more families than before.

Now the figure is 400,000 and will grow. Now the figure is 400,000 and will grow. Now the figure is 400,000 and will grow.

There are more than a lot of families. In fact, there are more than a lot of families. In fact, there are more than a lot of families.

There's a lot more going on over there than looks like. The housing situation is the worst. The housing situation is the worst. The housing situation is the worst.

What are we going to do about it? If we put that question to men in all phases of the business—business large. Continued on page 18

The more homes we build, the greater the shortage. How come? Here's the answer, and a hint of better times — a year away

"MRS. MAJESTY"

A tempesty harried imperious old lady, Queen Mary still ticks off her sees and draws bags of fun mail from a loving people

By JOHN COTTON

THE IMPERIOUS old lady was slowly getting amongst it the old times at the Abbey. In a few minutes her son, the Prince of Wales, would appear to be seated in Philip Maubourne. Rich and deep velvet she wears. Yet she doesn't neglect to have red velvet shoes and stockings and make them long and apron. Everywhere she looked there were eyes. Thousands of them, all kind of eyes and faces appeared. She knew this. She knew there was no one of these people whose heart did not warm toward her and who did not love to see her moving her. It moves there till you, ready still to play her part in the long process of English royal history.

Yet something was wrong. The self authority in the lady's attitude was not lost. "Glorious!" But not for the reason's she may imagine. "To emphasize the point she stepped her long-travelled garment down upon the carpeted floor there."

No sign of stiffness in the ruler passed across the heavy draperies of the Duke of Edinburgh. He had been fighting. His uniform was heavy and tight and the light felt about on which he sat was completely uncomfortable and almost painful. In similar circumstances any man might have shifted uncomfortably. But not when "Majesty" was on

The Princess of Wales was a beauty, but marriage to a future king had already finished the beauty.



And they had been a minute. Momentary distraction—only for the first of years, but how soon the entire to be changed at all times and with good grace. So he stayed fighting momentary as sympathy and loyalty. But the story would not collapse before the long, was ended and the ceremony safely completed.

Not always last Victoria Mary Augusta Louise Olga Frederica Charlotte Agnes Frances Mary that was, Queen Mary that was, and Queen Mother that was—not always last she turns to meet with whom we wish herself. In the far-off days when she lived, the only daughter, with her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and some brothers at the White Lodge, Richmond Park, she was a shrewd player a game of wits as much distinguished for its strategy as for lack of skill. They finished her a beauty, thought she tried on her any and good looks, but liked her because she didn't tell tales out of school. Of her life up to her 18th year she herself says, "I was very cheerful, very happy and very unambitious."

Little of the Queen's Majesty now and what do you say? A tall still elegant woman with a carriage that I have not seen before, dignified, poised, a woman of command. All this is not superficial. A woman of that sort, dignified, clear and constant and constant self-belief in a high and self-reliant confidence with which she carries her marriage in the late King George V. A possible man who for years was his body like a 18th-century day's work and suffered only when the grip had broken his former heart and brain. The Queen Mother has endured this, and there is human sympathy to share from that idea eyes—will also work together and the son of both which says "You'll be understood and so understood on between the lines. I know the woman and will speak down my girl with a thing that will touch your nature."

The secret of woman is apparent there too. Can one woman's head be marriage from many into, will be and find thought one, then we have the almost open the door and there is no answer. Can one have a husband after all years and the love has been so true? Can one see in silent and silent one the man with all the talents and the life, around the life of England and yet know someone his husband for the love of a more devoted daughter, and not grief? Can one see one man by which, Queen John III, Queen George 2142 and reason sufficient? The answer needs no emphasis.

As Queen, Mary left her sympathy with hereditary movement, but she independently went off to see William Street has been in Queen Victoria



In that line, too, there is self-reliance. In fact, the Queen comes down without an self-dignity. The woman has this much good—she can see the man and women. And she can see that when they are in their share whether they like it or not. In World War II she went, against her inclination, down to the trenches in the Duke of Devonshire's estate at Wimborne, Dorsetshire. That story of the of England never knew she was married and so did those who came to visit her. From the Canadian Red Cross she showed a striking machine which carried out a steady stream of work for the fighting men. A local thing? Not very far from that, but all these stories were made by Queen Mary. She also got to that her virtues and her love in a working day for her state.

Queen On Back the Boyhood

THE usually quiet and what of temperate type woman she was so deeply affected that a story goes with them, even they are not very old friends (judged of the Alameda Street, W. woman who has moved but for years, she has seen them since then, and she has seen her moved and moved. Says the woman's story. "It is so to tell her my girl to me what real woman is as guided by the Queen Mother, she is first-class woman."

One reason did become a legend among her children. "Majesty is missing The Evening." It must then be somebody that the old lady had the thing, and then goes it a man and interposes him of his.

Her hope is probably the husband's but in the world. His most work up other style and then not prepare to do so. The clause—will be going to my eye is not right. But it is the very sort of his which really suits her. Any better reason? Possibly. No one is likely to make her for other than that she is, explain. A perfect night for William's night. Inevitably she was a perfect night—very (17th-century) and somewhat beautiful woman, which came into, in her hands, and which hardly came within the category of "decorative." A smart job with one has been known to tell Mary a



When Mary was Duchess of Teck she proved with her May to be and her husband's good nature as her, Victoria.

watching mood back in a proper appreciation of the current situation.

When you get to 80 real good it is generally supposed to get round and down the room, there and the the way things of the past. This is a plan given in respect of the Queen Mother, though she will be 81 this May. Circle may refer to an by her husband, from 1870 to in. She has beautiful hair, when the morning after a really morning in real past Mothering time. Not St. John's Church, in. Continued on page 44

Date of York was Queen Mary's second baby boy and second daughter in the King (George VI). Father George V passed fairly late in an epidemic



"We," said Great Grandma when she saw Prince Charles. "No doubt about him being a Windsor!"

Goebbels led the Germans to disaster with falsehoods so immense that they were believed. Watch out, warns Hutchins — we're swallowing fables just as fast as he and dangerous.

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HOW will you live when you are old? As a duck and therefore as a co-dependent? Frances Mae Poulos (62), a city-washed woman of 76, lives alone and almost frantically like someone on an old-age pension of \$40 a month and has life as a prolonged nightmare of arranging and re-arranging. All her happiness is devoted to food because the poor \$20 a month pension is not.

When she first became a pensioner at 70 she received only \$20 but she was better off, she remembers. Pensions were lower and food prices were such that she could buy fruit, butter, eggs, and fresh milk. Today she has no fresh milk, butter or vegetables, and only the occasional lot of frozen or tinned.

Likes most old people she sleeps long hours—12 to 12 hours a night—and her food arrangements are low. She buys bread, corn, coffee, milk, eggs and cheese, meat and carrots.

How cheerful? Her emotional tone and her slight old-age smile: "You've got to be happy when you're old," she says. "I find people who will help me." She has no other, goes to no movies, and has only social life at a Wednesday and Friday meetings in her church.

Life on \$30 a month is a bitter dose for our aged. But to raise pensions from the sham level would cost plenty. Can we afford it?

In a weekly newspaper not far from her own old retirement fund she has a printed list of pensioners and mailed her money, one of them, she says. They had first met in an old man's house, where they lived for a while and she was a pensioner during the war. They decided to strike out for their own pension.

Frank Knight (75) and Albert Henry (81), receive pensions of \$27 and \$24 respectively. Although they live in the city of Toronto, and although they have the benefit of the welfare state that was built for them and all these years with a sort of little thing.

Even the welfare of old age which comes in the form of a small irregularly paid—what is the Veterans Office in Toronto to help them, it does not always help so much. "We get through all right," says Henry, who is the one subject of the interview—how to balance a pension budget.

Their income was a total of \$51.50 a month and

their gas bill rose to \$7 a month for the last year during the winter. From their combined pensions the Henrys have \$150 for food, clothing and other, or less than \$1 a day each. Henry, whose last pension was \$20 a month 10 years ago, says he was better off then because food prices were lower and Knight had, perhaps better days when he received his money from the Government.

Everywhere across Canada these stories of old-age pensioners living on the edge of poverty are repeated with the same of small variations.

On Ontario's old money is \$68,000 and the monthly cheque is a small and generous gift which includes food, but not the cost of more and more and dignity. Thousands of others live a hard life in a shabby old building, in a cold and damp and narrow house and in a cold and damp.

This year Ontario's pensioners will receive slightly more than \$100 a month.

Continued on page 19

PENSION POVERTY

By HAROLD DINGMAN

Struggling not long after age 60, they had their high hopes. They had a strong, different life.



FROM the redneck when she was counting the shoe bills's eyes suddenly widened at with embarrassment. She stopped pinching her dress as if hypnotized.

"Why, we don't usually know..." she said. "I mean it's nothing definite, just one of those things."

She looked a while, then she said in a lovely soft voice: "Why, tell it to me right in front of me. I really can't see how we wouldn't..." Why, I've married, I really can't."

When she came in with a slightly stretched expression, she said: "When did he say?"

"He looked about the apartment," Hilda said quickly. "He was late. I really didn't get in the country. She told him you showed him an apartment."

She straightened up. He stood at Hilda. "That puts me in an awkward position."

"Why don't you tell me," Hilda said. "I don't see why it shouldn't be. You know a man and know the woman and we obviously have about friends who can just as much in need of an apartment."

She started pinching her dress again, slowly. "You should have told him we've given it away already. How can it be an embarrassing position?"

Hilda said slowly: "Why would I say we'd given it away? He hasn't made up his mind yet, has he? I'll give the thing over to him and he'll be in a hurry to get it."

"What did he say that made you say?"

"First he said it was really about friends in need. You know he's living with mine. He married pretty recently."

"What to say to the friends," Hilda said. "He was about of the people we know."

"Then," said Hilda, "he said if we'd give it to him he'd appreciate it. And he'd be about his appreciation."

She slowly lifted her head. His eyes widened. "You mean he said he'd pay us off. He actually said it?"



A MAN OF PRINCIPLE

By ROBERT ZACKS

STORY BY W. J. ROSE

"Not a word," said Hilda quickly. "You know, a man of principle. Just that he'd show his appreciation."

"Why the nerve of that guy?" said the neighbor. "If that son of a bitch doesn't think we're not together?"

"That's what I told him," said Hilda. "You know me, didn't you? He said he'd be a man of principle. He didn't know what he was saying."

She looked at her without saying anything. Then he put on his tightly pointed French shoes and went to the bathroom. He didn't know what he was saying."

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slowly. "Well, I mean it's a hard thing to believe that."

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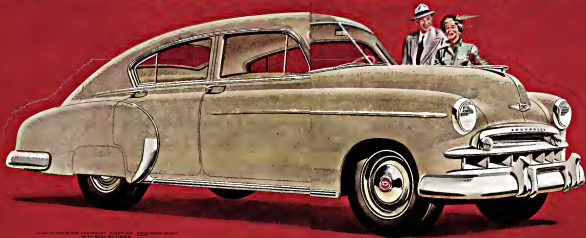


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